

years and a-half old." This was written on August 6: he died late in December. With so many evidences before us, and in our recollection of the exquisite taste of John Sharpe, in producing works of elegant literature, it is painful to record such a series of failures: the books were admired wherever they were seen, but in common parlance, "They did not pay;" and the originator of all this excellence had, we fear, in venerable age, to depend mainly upon the annual profits of a few cheap shanacks! Sharpe added to rare taste untiring industry, throughout his long life; and it is painful to find such good qualities, universally commended, yet, in this instance, attended with such negative success.

MR. PELHAM RICHARDSON.

Dec. 26, aged 56, Mr. PELHAM RICHARDSON, of the firm of Richardson Brothers, Cornhill.

MR. RICHARDSON was the second son of the late Mr. James Mallett Richardson, who was so well known as one of the members of the book-selling confraternity, taking an active part in the association to protect the trade from the under-selling. He was born 23rd Feb., 1804, and was educated principally by his brother-in-law, the Rev. Canon Dale, recently vicar of St. Pancras. At an early age he joined his father in the business on Cornhill, identifying himself more particularly with the publishing and retail department, in which he was remarkable for his urbanity of manners and his unvarying kindness and amiability. As a publisher he is noted as having been the medium through whom was given to the world the opinions of our most eminent mercantile men in relation to the difficult questions of the currency, having published the pamphlets of the present Lord Overstone, the late Mr. H. Palmer, Mr. Baring, Mr. Alderman Salomons, Sir Geo. Larpent, Col. Macdonald, and many others. The excitement at the period of the issue of the principal pamphlets of Mr. Horsley Palmer and Lord Overstone was so great that they could not be struck off from the press quick enough to meet the demand, which extended to between 4000 and 5000, the interest being only momentary.

On the death of the late Mr. J. M. Richardson, he joined his younger brother in partnership, since when they have together carried on an extensive export business to our East and West India possessions. He married the eldest daughter of Mr. Nathl. B. Engleheart, the eminent proctor of Doctors' Commons, by whom he had four children, three of whom survive him, the fourth, a daughter, was two years since carried off, at the interesting period of thirteen years of age, by diphtheria. His health seems to have failed from that time, and in the early part of 1860 he was told that there was considerable organic disease of the heart. His last illness arose from the absorption of matter into the blood, producing the disease medically styled pyæmia.

Nov. 10, 1860, aged 54, Mr. WILLIAM SMITH, map publisher, Strand. The business, which was established in 1799, by his father, Mr. Charles Smith, who died in 1854, at the advanced age of 87, will be carried on by his Widow and eldest Son.

Dec. 31, at his residence, Beaufort Road, Edgbaston, Mr. JOHN NAPPER, of the firm of Napper and Wright, booksellers and stationers, Birmingham.

Recently, Mr. VINCENT FIGGINS, the eminent type-founder, of West Street, Smithfield.

Recently, Mr. GALT, of the firm of Galt and Anderson, Manchester.

Jan. 1, at Tottenham, aged 66, Mr. WILLIAM WATSON MARSH, formerly of Oxford Street.

Jan. 8, at 17, Warwick Lane, aged 57, Mr. WM. MARKBY CLARK, publisher.

Jan. 9, at the Booksellers' Provident Retreat, Abbott's Langley, Mr. H. DAY, for many years in the employment of Mr. John Murray.

Jan. 9, aged 78, Mr. Simon SAUNDERS, surviving partner of the firm of Saunders and Otley, publishers, Conduit Street.

Jan. 11, at Worcester. Mr. Wm. S. WAKEFORD, stationer.

Jan. 20, at Merleton Villa, near Edinburgh, aged 44, Mr. JOHN ALEXANDER BALLANTYNE, printer, of Edinburgh.

Jan. 21, at Walworth, aged 63, Mr. JAS. BURGE, for nearly 50 years with Mr. Phelps, stationer, Paternoster Row.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Rambles among Words: their Poetry, History, and Wisdom. By William Swinton. London and Glasgow: Griffin and Company. 12mo.

In style, Mr. Swinton, who hails, we observe, from the Empire City of New York, will be deemed, perhaps, a little too florid and too emphatic for many of the placid readers and serious students of our own latitudes. But after all, this is a thing not to be wondered at; seeing that both in manner and in unhesitating admission, impliedly as well as expressly, he is self-proclaimed as an enthusiastic worshipper of Mr. Carlyle, as the literary god of his idolatry. Witness his frequent outbursts—that at page 174, *par eminence*—in confession of his faith; and the occasional instances in his book of all but incomprehensible meanings enveloped in ear-splitting, brain-racking, sesquipedalian compounds, a fair specimen of which may be met with at the close of p. 247 of the work.

And yet, despite these drawbacks, Mr. Swinton has, to our thinking, had the good fortune to produce in the present volume a very meritorious book, alike redolent of deep thought, replete with the fruits of learned and industrious research, most ingenious in the classification of the many parts into which his *Rambles* extend, and illustrated from time to time with items which, if not absolutely

novel, cannot fail to prove of interest to even the advanced student in etymology.

In some instances, however, we have found ourselves compelled to differ from the author in his estimate of the paternity and origin of words; and as we happen to have noted several of these instances *currente calamo*, we make no apology, even at the risk of being tedious, for inserting the results. A multitude of our readers, we have no doubt, will be purchasers of Mr. Swinton's book, and to them we willingly leave it to form their own estimate of our suggestions.

The suggested origin of the word *sincere* (p. 9) is extremely doubtful, as the reader will find on consulting Scheller or Facciolati; but our limited space precludes us from enlarging on the subject. Mr. Swinton derives the verb *to saunter* (in common we are aware, with other authorities) from the French *Sainte Terre*, the "Holy Land" (p. 86), the pilgrimage to which, he says, in time had degenerated to a mere sauntering in public estimation. To this last affirmation we do not feel inclined to give credit. Our Edward I., who went to the Holy Land on the eighth, and last, Crusade, barren though it was of results, gained the respect of all Europe thereby, and his progress through Italy on his return, stranger as he was, was little less than an un-